

"Cold Molasses"

By BELLE MANIATES

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There was to be a leap year dance down at the Corners, and consequently all the young men in the vicinity wore a half receptive, half sheepish air. Two of them, Warren Youngs and Arthur Haskell, rivals for the affections of Hetty Lane, were in a state of great anxiety. Hitherto odds had been even, but now surely Hetty must needs show her hand, and the man who was invited to the dance would have reason to believe himself to be the favored one.

Hetty was wise and wily. Warren had the fastest horse in the county and Arthur was going to buy an automobile in the spring. So she did not mean to let things come to an issue for some time yet. Besides, she really didn't know which one she liked the better, so she decided to invite a third young man.

"It doesn't really matter whom I go with," she reflected, "for once there I can dance with any one I choose. I have a great mind to ask John Wylie. It would be such a surprise to every one, and it might be a kindness to him, for I don't believe he has ever been to a party, and no one else will ask him. He has never taken a girl anywhere."

She put her idea into execution. John was quite overwhelmed at the honor.

"It isn't a joke, is it, Hetty?" he asked wistfully.

"John!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "Well, I might as well tell you frankly that I didn't want to make Art or Warren mad by inviting either, so I—"

"Compromised," he finished, smiling. "Well, Hetty, I feel honored even to be a compromise, and I should be delighted to go with you, but I have a confession to make: I don't dance."

"I didn't suppose you did, John, but I thought maybe you'd like to go and hear the music and sit out some dances with me."

"Of course, I would," he said, flushing and looking down into her dazzling eyes.

"John's good looking, even if he is



She Was Enjoying Her First Ride in an Ice Boat.

big and clumsy," she reflected as she returned home.

On the way she met two girls.

"Who are you going to invite, Hetty?" asked one of them, eagerly.

"I have already invited," she replied. "I asked John Wylie."

"They both laughed hilariously. 'Don't fool, Hetty. Tell us who, Warren or Arthur?'"

"I have just this moment asked John, and he has accepted."

"Why, Hetty, whatever has possessed you? I should as soon think of taking an elephant."

"I like elephants," she replied.

"But, Hetty, they call him 'Cold Molasses' because he is so slow. You won't get there till the party is over."

"Molasses melts at times, you know."

Hetty tripped away, giggling at the sensation she was going to create.

"Well, Hetty," asked her father at supper, "who are you going to take to the dance—Art or Warren?"

"Neither, father. I have asked John Wylie," she replied, preparing herself for a lecture on flirting.

To her surprise, her father's face was full of approval.

"Well, Hetty, I am glad you are getting sensible at last. John Wylie is as good as gold. He's a little slow—"

"Yes; they call him 'Cold Molasses' and 'Old Hundred.'"

"It isn't always the fastest that make good."

Warren and Arthur were not at all disturbed when they heard Hetty was going to the dance with "Cold Molasses." They did not fear such a rival. At the party Hetty put her name down in four spaces on John's program.

"Won't you ask me for more?" he pleaded.

Hetty laughed. "This is leap year, John. You mustn't ask for dances."

She was at a loss to know what to talk about when she came to sit out the first dance with him, but he began the conversation.

"I'm like a bull in a china shop at a party, Hetty, but I'm glad I am here, and I want to give you a pleasure in return. May I?"

"Certainly," she replied, hoping he would not ask her to ride after his sauntering old mare.

"I can give you a faster ride than either Art or Warren can," he said, proudly.

"Oh, have you got a new horse, John?"

"Not a horse. Keep on guessing."

"An automobile?"

"No."

"Balloons?"

"No."

"Well, I give up, John."

"I don't believe I'll tell you just yet. Not until you are sitting out the fifth dance with me."

"John isn't so slow," she thought, as she took his program and wrote her name once more.

When the fifth dance came he asked her if she wouldn't enjoy it more to have it a surprise until it materialized.

"I'll come over tomorrow afternoon and take you to it."

When he called the next day he didn't drive the old mare.

"This looks like Warren's horse," said Hetty, as she got into the sleigh.

"It is," he replied, touching up the horse. "I borrowed it because I heard you couldn't bear to ride behind a slow horse."

"Did Warren know you were going to take me riding?"

He looked at her in surprise. "Why, no," he replied. "He would have made some excuse not to lend it to me if he had known that."

"And they call John slow," she thought with a smile.

They drove five miles to a farmhouse where some of John's friends lived. He left the horse and sleigh in the barn and then escorted Hetty down to a lake.

"Here," he said, "we can have the sport I love."

In a few moments she was enjoying her first ride on an iceboat.

"John," she cried, ecstatically, "there's nothing like it, is there?"

"Except sailing," he replied. "I come here for my recreation in summer and winter."

"I'll never think of John as 'Cold Molasses' again," she thought as they finally went up to the farmhouse to get warm before starting for home.

When they reached her house Mr. Lane came out to the sleigh.

"My wife sent me to ask you in to supper, John."

"Yes, do, John," urged Hetty.

"I've got to get this horse back," said John, sorrowfully. "Warren wants it tonight."

"Ben Childs is here. He lives next to Warren's. He'll be glad not to have to walk home."

After supper Mr. and Mrs. Lane went to a neighbor's to call and Hetty settled herself for a comfortable visit with John without perturbation. She knew from a certain expression in his eyes how much he thought of her, but she also knew his slow way of doing things, and calculated that it would take him at least a year to reach the proposing point. Therefore, when he suddenly put his arm about her and asked her tersely if she would be his wife she was so surprised that she accepted him.

"John," she said later, "how did you come to ask me so soon?"

"So soon!" he echoed, in surprise. "Why, little girl, I've been wanting to ask you since the first time I saw you."

A Kneepad for Miners.

The miner's calling is what accident insurance companies would term an "extra hazardous risk," but every little while some inventive genius brings forward an article designed to eliminate some of the dangers. One of these devices is the kneepad designed by a concave steel piece worn over the knee with two sharp points turned outward. On the inside of the pad, toward the knee, is a cushion lining to allow the wearer to kneel on it without bruising himself. The harness worn with this guard consists of a pair of side bars running from the ankle to the knee. At the upper point they are attached to a strap, which buckles around the joint and at the foot they terminate in a contrivance which fits over the instep and around the heel, thus keeping the pad in place and preventing it from slipping around to one side. Equipped with this device a miner can crawl around on dangerous ledges with safety.

Faults of Women's Dress.

Mrs. John P. Fitzgerald, wife of the mayor of Boston, says that individuality should be the essential feature of women's dress. Society women, adhering so closely to the styles, she says, often make themselves unconsciously ridiculous. Many women, she says, wear the latest styles in order to avoid gossip, when they would much prefer to dress in a simpler manner.

Not So the Eggs.

Rooster—Did you see where they are going to require all eggs to be tagged with their age?

Hen—These humans are getting too fresh.

A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.

Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and sediment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.

Mrs. A. E. Fulton, 311 Skidmore St., Portland, Ore., says: My limbs swelled terribly and I was bloated over the stomach and had puffy spots beneath the eyes. My kidneys were very unhealthy and the secretions much disordered. The dropsical swellings began to abate after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was cured.

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HE'D HAD SOME HARD KNOCKS.



"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

"Fortune is a knocker, all right."

A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to foot and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Neenning, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

What's the Answer?

We're ready to quit! After sending two perfectly rhymed, carefully scanned, pleasurable sentimental pieces of poetic junk to seventeen magazines and having them returned seventeen times, we turn to the current issue of a new monthly and find a "poem" modeled after Kipling's "Vampire," and in which home is supposed to rhyme with alone, run on page eleven with all the swell earlyeens ordinarily surrounding a piece of real art. If poetizing is a gift we are convinced that this poet's must have been. As for us, we are on our way to the woodshed to study the psychology of the ax or any other old thing that hasn't to do with selling poetry to magazines.

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey at the Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Cost of Spontaneity.

"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice." "We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager; "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

An Exception.

Caller—Is Mrs. Brown at home? Artless Parlor Maid (smiling confidentially)—No, ma'am—she really is out this afternoon.

Controlled Newspapers.

The *Atchafalpa* says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the *Globe* is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the business men who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic officeholders, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "subsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—*Emporia Gazette*.

Unflattering Truth.

A Chicago physician gleefully tells a child story at his own expense. The five children of some faithful patients had measles, and during their rather long stay in the improvised home hospital they never failed to greet his daily visit with pleased acclamation. The good doctor felt duly flattered, but rapidly pressed the children, in the days of convalescence, for the reason of this sudden affection. At last the youngest and most indiscreet let slip the better truth.

"We felt so sick that we wanted awfully to do something naughty, but we were afraid to be bad for fear you and the nurse would give us more horrid medicine. So we were awfully glad to see you, always, 'cause you made us stick out our tongues. We stuck 'em out awful far!"

It is a Mistake

Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the mouth-to-mouth recommendation given by Cascarets by its friends and users.

Like all great successes, trade placards prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Cascarets. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Cascarets. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

Trying to Satisfy Him.

Squamous Guest (an waiter places water before him)—Waiter, are you sure this is boiled distilled water?

Waiter—I am positive, sir.

Squamous Guest (putting it to his lips)—But it seems to taste pretty hard for distilled water.

Waiter—That's because it's hard-boiled distilled water, sir.

Annie Telford, "Queen's Nurse," of Ballynart, Ayrshire, England, Writes as Follows:—

I have great pleasure in testifying what a valuable remedy in various Skin Troubles I have found Resinol Ointment to be. I have used it in extremely bad cases of Eczema and in poisoned wounds, and always with most satisfactory results. I have the highest opinion of its curative value.

Household Consternation.

"Charley, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby has swallowed a gold dollar!"

"Great heavens! Something must be done. There will be no end to the cost of living if he gets habits like that!"

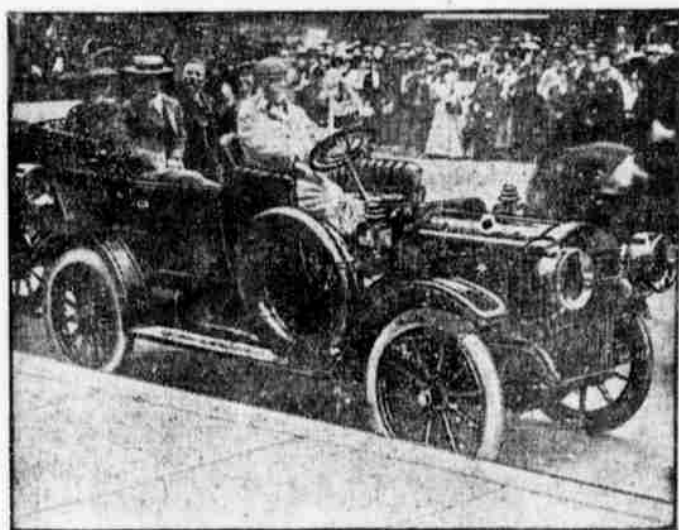
For Red, Itching Eyelids, Cysts, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eye Traps. Use Care-Try Muriene Eye Salve. Aseptically Prepared. Trial Size—25c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Muriene Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Whether the church shall stay in the world depends not on whether the world will support it but on whether it will serve the world and save it.

ROOSEVELT RETURNS AND IS GIVEN AN OVATION SELDOM EQUALED

The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through a Long and Trying Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American

The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family



Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.

After fifteen months' absence, exactly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked from the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Saturday morning, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen disappointment of a large group of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt absolutely refused, as heretofore, to be interviewed or to talk on political subjects, but his rapid fire of questions showed the same virile interest in public affairs as before.

If the welcome tendered by the vast throng may be considered a criterion upon which to base a "return from Elba," surely there was no discordant note in the immense reception-parade, nor in the wildly clamorous crowd which cheered at every glimpse and lunged on his very word.

The incidents of the day in New York were many, but perhaps none better illustrated the nervous energy and vitality of the man, the near-matins to be up-and-doing, which he has brought back to us, than the discharging of horses and carriages for the swifter and more reliable automobiles. The moment the Roosevelt family and

Immediate party landed, they were whisked away in White Steamers to the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at 433 Fifth avenue. A little later, when the procession reached the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Colonel Roosevelt again showed his preference for the motor car in general and the White cars in particular, when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Collector Leach transferred from their carriage to White Steamers, which were in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's house, the entire party, including Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White cars and were driven to Long Island City, where they were to take a special train to the ex-President's home at Oyster Bay.

The supremacy of the White cars with the Roosevelt party was again demonstrated on Sunday, when the party was driven to church in the White Steamers, and a group of some forty prominent Rough Riders were taken in a White Gasoline Truck to a clubhouse at the Travers Island club-house of the New York Athletic Club.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature: *W. D. Wood*

Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARET'S move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them.

CASCARET'S are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. It's a country seat in center of Rio Grande Valley and (rental) railroad, canal, court house, bank, school, art museum, etc. People needed to build it great resources, rich enough to make you rich. Write for booklet to, quick. Chapin Yarnall Co., Chapin, Tex.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 29-1910.

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of women's diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indecent. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition.



You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR RESTORER. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.